



A NEW SOG ON THE IRISH HARVESTS TRIUMPH OVER THE ENGLISH

• Come all you true br-d Irishmen that are enclind to roam
To resp the English h-rvest so far away from home
Be sure & provide good comerades that is both loyal & true
For you'll have to fight both day & night with Jon Bull & his crew,

We sail'd away from Dublin quay & never received a shock
Til we landed safe on shore one side of Clarence dock
Whe e : umbers of our Irish the met us in the town
Saying hurra for Paddys lovely land that was the tost went round

A ay we went with one conceent to drink strong ale & wine
And toast a flowing bumper to those we left behind
We drank & sung & made the taverns ring dispiseing all our foes
Of any man that notes the sweet land where Patricks Shamrock
grows

Next morning by the break of day as quickly you shall hear
How one hu dred strong we massacred along without dread or fear
Each man had a black:horn stick they brought from Paddys land,
And hooks that shined like pollish'd steel or silver in their hand

We tramp'd away for three long days high wages for to find
On the followiag morn ng we met a railway line
The navies they walk'd up to us & loudly they did rail
They curse'd & damud the Paddies & the sons of Granuawail

Up comes Barney Walsb & say's boys what do you mean
Are we not m-u as well as you & hates a cowards name
So leave our way without delay or some of ygu will fall
For here we stand true Irish-men that never feard a call

The navies curs'd & swore they would kill us every one
And make us t ink of ninety-eight bkewise Stevenamon
Likewise our oly freist they curs'd his bl ased remains
Which ma e the County Leit'n. boys burn with revenge

Up comes Barney Reily & knocks the gang's down
The bricks & stones the flew like hail in showers al come down
We ought from half-past four til the san w s going to set
Whe : ail, say's we Irish boys sure we never cau be : et

Come join with me my Countrymen renew the fight once more
We'd see o' r foes on every side more dreadful than before
we'd let them know before we go we'll fight until we die
For Irishmen when at the worst would rather fight than fly

We sallied back with Barney & challeng'd anoth r round
Like Sampson with the Philistines we laid th'm on the ground
We fought our way through the long day wa'd s o n to give ore,
We drov'd to them we were Irishmen from the sweet Shamrock s-hor

When the fight began the scoons time its then you'd see some fun
The syths & hooks they flourish'd til these navies were undone
Thase cowardly clan awas they ran with hearts & arms sor
They t. member Barney Reily & the boys of the Shamrock s-hor